

# At the Behest of Their Death

## Bloodbath

The advent of Christ shall matter not to us  
Abortus bastards, our nemesis be gone  
Yearning to entice the cowardice in our enemy  
So hasten the plague when all the rats shall come

Kings from the east  
Wise but three  
Plotting for the prophecy of the unborn savior  
Of the bottomless decent  
Liars in wait  
To reap what was sown as the virginborn  
At the behest of their death

Enraged in hate  
Wreaking havoc  
In the name of sheol  
Defeating whatever may stand in our way

Our diabolical anthem so foul in their ears  
Gospel of dissonance  
Pernicious cacophony  
Bewildered apostles beseeching for repent  
Desert fathers agonized in throes of leprosy

Chanting the name of the accuser  
Unrevealed is the face of a dog  
Nocturnal is the lapse of the earth  
Empire of the cross defeated before birth

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Curse the son  
Condemn the empire  
Hierarchy of scum  
Evangelists dragged through the pits of ordeal

Salvation repelled  
Unbless the purity  
Infuriate the mad  
In the influx of calvary spewed upon souls

Deities raped by the wind of perdition  
Mutiny to dynasty  
So splendidly elite  
An ode to atrocities echoes to the sun  
Transcend absolution  
A grandeur complete